

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play
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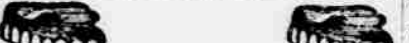
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FAIR PLAY.

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VOL. 1.

STE. GENEVIEVE, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1872.

NO. 8.

Selected Miscellany.

TWO YEARS OLD.

Little Rowdy Howdy,
Sitting on the floor,
Had his little breakfast,
Wants a little more.
Sits and shouts aloud he,
With his voice as bold;
Rowdy little Howdy,
Only two years old!

Two years old to-day, sir,
And with funny tricks
That would make you say, sir,
"Surely, he is six."
Sweetest of the crowd he,
With his locks of gold;
Tiny Rowdy Howdy,
Only two years old.

Dimples in his chin, sir,
Roses on his cheeks,
Music does begin sir,
Always when he speaks.
Papa's surely proud, he
Likes to hear it told—
"This is Rowdy Howdy,
Only two years old."

Hear his happy chatter,
See his little feet,
As they pitter-patter
Up and down the street.
It is, you must allow, de-
lightful to behold
Little Rowdy Howdy,
Only two years old.

Rough little Rowdy!
Looking grave and wise;
Happy little Howdy!
With his azure eyes.
No're alarmed or cowed he,
By your glances cold.
Here comes Rowdy Howdy,
Only two years old.

Give the boy a hammer!
Let him have a stick!
Never mind the clatter!
Isn't he a brick?
Be it clear or cloudy,
Whether warm or cold,
Hurrah for Rowdy Howdy!
Only two years old!

[Published by Request.]

To Our Tom on His Marriage with Mary.

May the Virgin look down and defend
Our Tommie from want and from woe,
May he never know the lack of a friend,
And may he never have a foe.

And may the lady he leads down the aisle
Of the church, Tuesday night as his wife,
Prove a blessing to him all the while,
And may they both pass a bountiful life.

And Tom, don't forget "our old Tim"
And his "boiled-head rivets" you see,
And sometimes think of "friend Jim";
Who never will e'er forget thee.

AXON.

QUITE A MISTAKE.

BY H. LUQUEER.

In the thriving village of Holly-
thorn there were (as is common to
such places) a church, post-office, a
couple of stores, and district school,
the said school being taught by a
young lady who had a widowed moth-
er and brothers and sisters to assist
in supporting.

For the sake of economy, Miss Eva
Stanley "boarded around" among
the scholars, and was considered a
paragon among teachers. Her father
had been a respectable mechanic, but
died after about two years of illness,
which bitterly impoverished the fam-
ily. Eva had however, (she being
the eldest,) received a good plain
education before the great calamity
came upon them, and noble-hearted
and unselfish, began her work of as-
sisting in the support.

The last week previous to the holi-
day vacation she had been boarding
with a Mrs. Carpenter, who was
making gigantic preparation for
guests she expected from New York.
"You never met my brothers,
Eva," she said, and then began to give
the pretty young teacher a descrip-
tion of them. "There's Sam, George,
and Johnny, the youngest; and such
times as they have when they get out
here and 'rusticate,' as they call it!

But, dear me, I don't get much rest
or peace, for they are like a lot of
boys let out of school. Such tricks
and pranks no one ever saw. The
last time they visited me altogether,
Johnny and Sam actually cut a pane
of glass from the window and pelted
George out of my best room with
snow! You see there is always a
regular strife for that particular
room, for the bed is a spring one and
they say they don't sleep on any
other in the city. But they don't
get it this time, that's certain; for I
intend to keep you in that room, and
so end the controversy. I am so
afraid they will break or ruin some-
thing that I am glad you are here.
It may keep them in check a little."
"I had just as soon occupy some
other room, Mrs. Carpenter, and do
not wish to incommode your broth-
ers—have no right to do so."

"No you shan't, Eva," perempto-
rily exclaimed her hostess; "and
what is the use of you going home
vacation week? you can stay here just
as well as not, and do up your sewing
on my machine. Your mother has
enough mouths to feed I guess, and
wont miss yours."

The subject was dropped, and the
entire household retired early, for on
the morrow the brothers, young, ar-
dent and full of life, were to be there.
But without sending any word of
their intention they had concluded to
take the evening train, which would
land them at Hollythorn about bed-
time. George and John did so, and
when safely seated in the cars, began
to speculate about the absence of Sam.

"No reason upon earth why he
should not have been along," said
George.

"No, for he told me this morning
he would certainly be on hand," said
John.

"I can't make it out, unless he has
taken the five o'clock train, by mis-
take."

"Not a bit of it," laughed John,
who fancied he understood the entire
programme. "It is more likely he
took that train on purpose to get into
Hannah's spare bed-room, and make
us take up with straw ticks and
feathers."

"I didn't think of that, but I reck-
on your are right. We must con-
trive to get him out somehow."

"Bet your life on that."

The brothers put their heads to-
gether and laughed merrily over
some scheme for out-witting Sam,
and accordingly, when the train
reached Hollythorn about eleven
o'clock, they approached the house
of their sister in a stealthy manner.

Climbing the fence in the rear,
they softly opened a window and ob-
tained access to the pantry, where
they demolished a mince pie and a
quantity of doughnuts. Then, with
appetites appeased, they removed
their boots and prepared to investi-
gate the "best room"—stole along
the hall, which was dimly lighted by
the moon, ascended the stairs and
reached the door. The faint rays of
the moon disclosed a chair piled with
clothing, and they could distinctly
trace the outlines of a form beneath
the bed-clothes, and had not the re-
mote idea but that Sam was enjoy-
ing sweet repose upon Hannah's best
bed.

A few whispered words were ex-
changed, and then as softly and light-
ly as if shod with down they drew
near.

"All ready?" whispered George.
Quick as thought, they seized upon
the form of the sleeper, bed-clothes
and all, bore it swiftly down the
stairs, out into the snow, and were
just about to deposit it in a huge drift,
when a shrill scream broke the still-
ness of the night, and oh! horror—it
was that of a woman! And in their
consternation they dropped their
burden plump into the middle of the
drift.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed George,
"it isn't Sam, but some woman, as I
am a sinner, and she has fainted."
Run and call Hannah.

With admirable presence of mind he
lifted the limp form of Eva Stanley
and carried her into the house. But
her cry had already been heard, and
the inmates came rushing into the
hall just as he appeared.

"George! John! for goodness sake
what does this mean, and who have
you there?" asked Mrs. Carpenter? in
a breath.

"Blessed if I know," began George;
"thought it was Sam, so we conclud-
ed to give him a douse in the snow,
for getting into the best bed and try-
ing to enure us. Quick! I believe
she has fainted."

"Just like you!" scolded Hannah,
as she assisted in depositing Eva
once more upon the bed from which
she had been so unceremoniously
taken: "Beginning your tricks upon
each other before you fairly get into
the house. Clear out!"

Long before she was done with her
tirade her discomfited brothers had

betaken themselves down stairs,
where they almost went into hyster-
ics over the joke.

"A pretty kettle of fish!" said
George, rolling over the floor and
letting off peal after peal of laugh-
ter.

"I should think it was," replied
John, holding his sides. "Oh! my.
But what the dickens is to be done
about it, and who do you supposed
she is, George?"

"Some guest of Hannah's of course,
and young and pretty at that. I
don't know how it is with you, but I
feel particularly small and cheap—
would sell myself at a very low
price."

"Cheap?" roared John: "cheap?"
I would actually give myself away
this blessed minute, and throw some-
thing in to boot. What are we to
do, I can't say; but I believe I shall
dig out of this place and get back to
the city before morning. I haven't
got the courage to face the music, so
I'll get up and get."

He began hastily putting on his
boots, and would have put his threat
into execution, but for the appear-
ance of Hannah who at once asserted
her authority.

"You are not going a single step,"
said she; "but I don't wonder you
feel ashamed of yourselves. What
on earth possessed you is more than
I can tell."

"That's right, Han: pitch in, scold
away. I'll take any amount just now,
for I am meek as a lamb. But who is
it we have played so shabby a trick
on?" replied George.

"Trick? I should think it was.
Why, it is Eva Stanley, just as nice a
young thing as ever lived. She is
our school-teacher, and this is her
week to board here; and I knew well
enough you boys would be squab-
bling over that room as usual, so I put
her in there, little thinking you
would come in this stealthy man-
ner."

"Eva Stanley? Whew! A pretty
school-teacher!" and repeating his
sister's words, he gave a legerious
groan.

"Has she recovered?" questioned
John, vainly endeavoring to restrain
his laughter at the wry faces his
brother was making.

"Yes, I soon brought her to; but
I don't believe the poor girl will ever
get over her fright. She said that
the first thing she knew she was be-
ing lifted up and carried out, and she
was so much alarmed that she couldn't
utter a sound; but the moment the
cold air struck her, she realized that
she was being abducted or something
of the kind, and had just time to ut-
ter a scream when she fainted. It is
too bad, I shouldn't wonder if she had
taken her death, being dragged out
of a warm bed this time of night and
dropped into a snowdrift in that
fashion. No wonder she cried, poor
thing."

"Cried, did she?" repeated George,
with a groan.

"I should think she did. I just
took her in my arms and let her
have her cry out, while I explained to
her how she happened to be mistaken
for Sam, and became the victim of
your pranks."

"That was neat in you, Han.
I'm awful glad you hugged the poor
little thing. Wish you had just given
her a brotherly squeeze for me—'pon
my honor I do. Oh dear! I am in
cackcloth and ashes from this time,
henceforward and forever," replied
George with another dismal groan.

"And how on earth do you expect
us to stay and take the consequen-
ces?" asked John, beginning to look
serious I am for taking myself off in-
stantly. I had rather face a mask-
ed battery than this pretty teacher,
after making such fools of our-
selves."

"I don't care if you had," answer-
ed his sister, indignantly. "The only
way to do is to brave it out, both
of you, and apologize for your rude-
ness. She is not a stupid, but pleas-
ant and merry, and I do doubt you will
have a jolly laugh over the affair."

"But Sam? How the deuce are
we to get along with him. You

know well enough Han, we shall
never hear the last of it from him;
that it will be brought up at all times
and in all places."

"If you two can keep the secret,
I'll find a way to silence Bridget, and
it is a subject Eva will not care to
have discussed, and, fortunately, my
husband is away from home. So go
to bed and rest contented."

She showed them to the room she
had intended them to occupy, and
soon the house was once more hushed
in slumber.

Meanwhile their brother Sam had
reached the depot a few moments too
late. He found the train he was to
have taken gone, but upon consulting
a time-table, he ascertained that
another started two hours later, and
so decided to take it. He figured to
himself, as he impatiently crowded
into an empty seat and was being
whirled along at a rapid rate, how
snugly his brothers had ensconced
themselves in the best room, which
by right belonged to him, he being
the eldest, and consummated a plan
to get even with them.

Sometime after midnight he was
deposited at Hollythorn, and reaching
his sister's house, he scouted around
until he found a way of entrance into
the kitchen, where he deposited his
luggage and removed his boots.
Then he quietly stole up stairs, and
opened the door of the best room.
Sure enough, thought he, "my fine
chaps, you are in clover!" for there
were not to be mistaken signs of the
room's being occupied. Garments
were lying upon chairs, and the bed
was pressed by slumbering forms.

To think of coping with their united
strength by dragging them forth, was
not practicable; but there stood the
pitcher of water, and he knew that a
good dousing with the icy fluid would
bring them out quick enough.

"If I can't have my old quarters,"
he chuckled, "you shan't," that I am
determined on. So here goes."

He lifted the pitcher, approached
the bed, raised it high, and suddenly
dashed the entire contents upon the
sleeper?

Such a torrent of scroam as he had
never before heard rang through the
house, and before Sam could collect
his scattered senses door after door
was opened, and Hannah, George and
John rushed in, clothed in scanty ap-
parel—Hannah with a frightened look
on her face and a lamp in trembling
hand, that revealed the entire scene.

There, sitting up in bed, with her
hair dripping like a mermaid, her
night-dress deluged, her face color-
less and looking terror, was the
young school-mistress, and there was
Sam, with the empty pitcher in his
hand, the very picture of imbecility,
staring about like an idiot at Miss
Eva and the havoc he had made.

Hannah George and John instantly
comprehended the situation, and the
latter, at the command of their sister,
dragged Sam away, while she assisted
the drenched and terrified girl to dry
clothing, and then took her to her
own room and bed, explaining, for
the second time, the mishaps of the
night.

"I'll keep you with me now, my
poor child," she said though with diffi-
culty keeping back her laughter.
Those boys are nicely come up with
at any rate; and if it wasn't for your
having been so terribly frightened,
and the way my best bed has been
used, I wouldn't care. They do
nothing when they come home but
study up some trick to play upon
each other; and," continued she by
way of apology, "they are so confined
in their offices and stores during
most of the year, that they let entirely
loose when they get out here.
But you are safe now."

Hannah kissed her charge, and
went down to see about the boys,
who, as soon as they were fairly shut
up in the regions below, began to
thoroughly appreciate the joke: and
now that Sam was as deep in the mud
as they in the mire, gave no quarter.
"I'll be blamed if I know what it all
means," said Sam, looking in confu-
sion at his brothers, who were rolling
and kicking in convulsions of laugh-
ter.

The Ste. Genevieve Fair Play.

Rates of Advertising:
One square, 60 words, one insertion.....\$1.00
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One column, one year.....100.00
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One-quarter column, one year.....25.00
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the inch.
☞ All transient advertising must be
paid for in advance.
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terly in advance.

"Wait," replied George, "until Han
comes, and see if you don't find out!"
—And he gave vent to another peal.

Sam had not smiled, and sat look-
ing the very picture of discomfort
and perplexity, but answered:

"For heaven's sake hold on, boys!
—I'm willing to admit that I'm badly
sold—gone dog cheap to the highest
bidder; but hold up long enough to
tell a fellow what it means."

"Means? Of course I will," con-
tinued George, still holding his sides.
"It means that you have stolen like a
thief into Miss Eva Stanley's bed-
chamber—who is a young lady
teacher and 'boarding around,' that
this is her week here; and thinking
it was your humble servant and
Johnny snug in bed, you attempted
to drown us out, and made a grand
mistake. How do you like it.—
Sam?"

"I confess I see the point, but can't
the joke; It is a most outrageous
shame."

At this juncture Hannah came in
and began rating them soundly,
thereby letting out the whole story.
It was Sam's turn then to laugh. He
struggled manfully to retain his grav-
ity; but the whole thing was so un-
doubtedly ludicrous that he was com-
pelled to join his brothers.

Miss Eva was not visible at the
breakfast table the next morning and
Hannah announced that she was sick
with a severe cold, whereupon George
groaned out and called for a handful
of peas to put in Sam's shoes, while
that gentleman looked very contrite,
and John declared he wanted to shoot
himself. But Hannah had the unruly
crew under her thumb for once in her
life, and had the satisfaction, also, of
seeing them behave with something of
dignity. They appeared to never
forget that there was an invalid in the
house, and went on tip-toe about;
and Sam, who seemed to take the
entire responsibility upon his shoul-
ders, sent of stily to New York for
choice fruit and flowers, which he in-
duced his sister to convey to the
young lady with the the most abject
apologies and regrets.

In a couple of days Eva was able to
come down stairs. She was looking
quite pale, but lovely, and of course
blushed divinely when presented by
Mrs. Carpenter to her three brothers,
who behaved quite well, considering
the unpleasantness of their situation.

But Sam, who had broketh the ice
by means of his presents, was the
most at ease, and by virtue of his age
and experience, constituted himself
the proprietor, and was constantly
on hand to offer Miss Eva a thousand
nameless attentions; and before the
week was out John declared in con-
fidence to Hannah that "Sam was
done for!"

"Gone under completely?" echoed
George with one of his dismal groans.
"Just think of it, Han—if it had not
been for that pitcher of water, Sam
would have been heart-whole this
blessed minute. The fellow meets
lots of girls much prettier than she
every day, and with lots of stamps;
too. They say pity is twin sister to
love, and I believe it."

"Sour grapes?" whispered John,
puckering at his mouth.

Hannah sang Eva's praises, and se-
cretly commented Sam's choice. She
recommended marriage to all of them
as being the only sobering process
she was acquainted with. It is a
piece of advice however, they do not
appear inclined to follow, notwith-
standing Sam's happy lot with the
pretty school-mistress of Hollythorn.

She often reminds her brothers-in-
law of her unceremonious introduc-
tion to a snow-drift at the dead of
night, and they retaliate by the show-
er-bath given her by Sam. And she
twists her arms about Sam's neck,
and with tears in her sweet blue eyes,
declares that but for that episode she
fears she would never have had a hus-
band.

A rural citizen visited a Boston res-
taurant, heartily enjoyed a cup of
delicious coffee, and was on the point
of leaving when asked if he hadn't forgot-
ten something. He made an exami-
nation of the table, and said he be-
lieved not. "Ten cents," was the
next laconic remark. "One of the
neighbors said tea and coffee was
on the free list now," said the rural ci-
zen, "but I won't be small, I say;
it's worth ten cents," and tendering
a very emaciated piece of currency,
he left.